The

Queens Quill

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THE QUEENS QUILL

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The Queens Quill

In Dedication

Our loyal allegiance
Dear Mother Queen, we sing,
And ever thy praises throughout the ages will ring.
Always we'll honor, protect, and cherish
That which thou standeth for;
Be ever our true guide
Throughout eternity;
Our steps shall not falter;
All hail, Alma Mater, to thee!

With thy queenly manner,
Direct us in thy way
To be sincere, just, and constant to obey,
Loyally striving, faithfully seeking,
To mould our lives by thine.
Give us through thy guidance
Brave hearts to do for thee
Our noblest endeavor;
All hail, Alma Mater, to thee!

JANE MONTGOMERY and ELIZABETH ISAACS.

The Magic of Music

It seems impossible for music, which is based on a completely scientific foundation, to possess the magic which it does. It is common knowledge that the sounds which we hear and recognize as musical notes are really calculable vibrations; yet what truly wondrous results are given.

Music enters our bodies by the ear and is directly traceable to the sound waves; but, once in the body, the magical element enters the picture again, and various reactions are seen. The make-up of some people picks out the rhythm of the notes, and their feet become the receivers. Others hear it with their hearts, and to them it is all beauty. The remaining few complete the cycle and return to a scientific view; they hear the construction of the music.

The mystics of music were early recognized by the most primitive people when they found they could make pleasing sounds and keep a sort of tempo with the simplest of materials. The music of that time did not appeal to the higher emotions; it merely gave a sense of pleasure. As music and instruments became more complex, so in an even ratio the power of the compositions to stir the soul of man became more and more evident. It seemed in the development of music that the more there was to hear, the more there was to write. A constant in-take and outlet occurred.

Even in the present the magic of music is realized and used in moving pictures and radio. A musical background to drama, or a musical space-filler, is used a great deal as a track by which to send certain impressions or emotions to the listener. Many poems and tributes are read and given with appropriate accompaniment. The value of the muted violin is well appreciated.

Music has the ability to supply emotions and desires which are really not present at all. In time of war a peace-loving nation can be converted into a blood-thirsty tribe by the constant and stirring rolling of drums and blaring of horns. A troubled and upset person may be soothed and calmed by a soft rendition of "Leibestraum" or Brahms' "Lullaby." Lul-

labies have been used for ages to put babies to sleep. The best known urge of the modern time is the jitterbug craze. Swing music actually tickles one's feet, impossible as it may seem. One band has capitalized on this and calls its accomplishment the "make-you-want-to-dance" music.

Adolf Hitler has realized the value of the power of music. He has limited the music heard via radio to selections of Richard Wagner, for he realizes that in the works of the great German composer is all that is inspiring and transcending, exactly the state in which he wants his people to be.

To make it more mystical, the music that we know is quite intangible. To be sure we can see the musical notes on the manuscript, but these aren't the notes we mean when we speak of music. The great and beautiful music that is played and heard floats through the air, plays around our hearts, tickles our feet, permeates our every inch; yet we cannot see it or feel it. Music is truly magic.

MARY JANE HART.

Fall Secrets

The leaves whirl,
Whispering secrets,
Like small girls,
Eager-eyed, excited.

A tall hickory flings
A golden cloud
Against glazed blue—
Magnificent, proud.

Why whisper, leaves?
Is it not true
Who sees fall trees
Knows your secrets too?

ELIZABETH GREEN.

Here and There

It Isn't Done

Of course, in the best of circles if it were known that a person was even harboring the thought of cleaning her saddle shoes, she would probably be ostracized. It is just one of those things which isn't done. We all know that the mouldier and more scuffed up the saddle, the more fashionable the wearer. And we also know that college just wouldn't be college, indeed, the whole atmosphere of the campus would be changed without these shoes so dear to the hearts of us all.

However, there is always some misinformed creature who wants to be different; so every month or so she sits down to clean her saddle shoes. First she fills the basin with warm water; then she goes in search of a strong soap. This having been found, she grabs all the wash-rags in sight and goes to work. She slaves away; the water becomes blacker and blacker; the wash-rags fall apart under the strain; the cake of soap gets so worn down that it finally makes a weary exit through the drain.

Then the idea is to place the dainty little things in the sun to dry, and, after the complete soaking they have received, it will naturally take them some time to dry. The owner makes good use of this time resting so that she may be better prepared for the completion of her gruelling task.

In an hour or so she gets out the shoe polish and goes to work again. She begins by going over them once with the polish. This first coat is allowed to dry, and it is followed by coat after coat. Soon, white shoe polish is all over the floor, the furniture, the walls, but she doesn't care; she plunges on with a determination that would make the very stars quake in their orbits. Night comes, and she is so tired that she is more or less in a stupor. She flings herself on her bed and hardly gets her tired eyes closed before she is asleep.

Of course, she realizes that in the morning she is going to hear sneering voices, see sneering faces, hear calls of "sissy, sissy"; and she knows that eventually her dear saddle shoes will be forcibly taken from her and thrown in the nearest mud-puddle. Nevertheless, just before she sinks into unconsciousness, she has the satisfaction of feeling that she has accomplished something, something which very few ever accomplish!

Charlotte Williams.

Spring Cleaning

SAY, THIS ROOM certainly is in a fine state. I can't see where to begin. I guess I'll just start over in that corner and work toward the door.

Mmmm . . .These old magazines certainly are messy. Guess I'd better give some of them to the cook. Let's see . . . *Saturday Evening Post* for September 2, 1939. Better glance over all the cartoons before I get rid of it. Gee, Little Lulu surely is cute! I think I'll start a collection of cartoons about her.

Let me see; where are the scissors? They should be over here on the table . . . Here's the paste, the green ink—oh, I wondered what had become of my collapsible drinking cup. Cute, isn't it? Wonder if it will still hold water . . .

It still works. That's fine. Maybe some milk would taste good. Think I'll just go downstairs and get some . . . Mmmmm. Nice and cold. Perhaps there are some cookies to go with the milk. Fine, here's a box of vanilla wafers. Hope mother wasn't saving them for anything special.

Ummm! Might as well get comfortable while I'm eating. That old chair by the radio would be fine. I could use some music, too . . . Briarhoppers? No, that's too strenuous . . . Oh, good, here's a fiddle solo.

That was lovely. Wonder where it came from . . . WBIG in Greensboro? Oh, my goodness, Julie lives in Greensboro, and I owe her a letter. I'd better get it off right now. I think I'll type it; my writing's so illegible.

"Dear Julie"—I'd better get her last latter so I'll be sure to answer any questions she may have asked.

Let's see; last letter from Julie . . . Last letter from Julie . . . Last letter from Julie. . . My, but there are stacks of these old letters. I think I'll get industrious and weed out some of the more obsolete ones. I'll

just take the whole drawerful in by the radio and read them over. Oh, here's that clipping Sue sent me for my scrapbook. I'd better put it in before I forget.

Where'd I put that scrapbook? Must be in among this pile of magazines. Speaking of magazines, these certainly are old. I'd better clean them out and give some of them to the cook. Oh, here's a cute Little Lulu cartoon in this old *Saturday Evening Post*. I think I'll cut it out.

Now where are those scissors?

RUTH KILGO.

An Afternoon in the Library

WHAT A DREADFULLY quiet place the library is! I had much rather be going home. I could go home and take a few books with me, but what's the advantage of that? I would have to use them there.

I'll sit beside someone I know. Of course I came up here to study; but I want somebody to talk to while I study, even if I can't study while I'm talking.

I'll take out the book which gives the clearest descriptions of the frog. It's really hard to decide which is the clearest on this matter, since all of them are equally as clear as mud. The frog is the most complicated little thing I've ever tried to solve. I almost wish there wasn't any such animal; but I can think of no other animal I would enjoy studying and certainly no other animal I would want to dissect.

The whispers across the table are just loud enough and just soft enough to interrupt my half-hearted study. I wish I could read the morning paper, but I can do that when I get home. I probably wouldn't understand today's "funny" anyhow. I haven't read a newspaper in a week. I have just glanced quickly at the headlines and collected the "funnies" to read on a "lazy" day.

I'm hungry. I didn't eat much lunch. I wonder what they had for lunch at home. The suspense is too great—or is it suspense that is driving me home? Maybe it's laziness. I'm going home right now. I'm going to turn my radio on loud enough to disturb the neighborhood, talk all I want to, read my "funnies," and eat until my heart—or at least my stomach—is content.

MARTHA ELLIOTT.

A Mountain Child

A mountain child
Is a strange child,
Laughing,
And loving,
And living in ceaseless wonder.

A mountain child
Is a sun-child,
Singing,
And sighing,
And praying in wild ecstacy.

A mountain child
Is a God-child,
Seeing,
And knowing—
And growing in infinite beauty.

Weep My Heart

Clouds
Hang low and sullen
Like a sad-eyed child.

Wind
Whips the shaggy trees
Into a low and never-ending wail.

Rain—
Steady streams down my window
Like tears on a beggar woman's face.

Weep
My heart; give voice to all your pain—
You do not cry alone.

BOBBIE MATTHEWS.

O Bon Matsurie

THE AFTERNOON was drawing to a close as I wandered out through the fields which lined the foot of Takayama hill. It had been a golden August day, the sky a brilliant sapphire and the sun rays sparkling radiantly. Yet, in spite of its beauty, the day for me was overshadowed because I knew that the night which was fast descending was to be celebrated in a feast to the dead. This festival, held every year all over Japan in the latter part of August, is one of the chief festivals of the year to the Japanese who believe fervently in ancestor worship, as well as in the deification of dead spirits.

As I rounded the foot of a little hill, the sun seemed to quicken its journey down the heavens to the restless ocean at my feet. Clouds seemed to take on the varying colors of the sun, while the last rays spread a golden carpet down to the very foot of the stalwart brown reefs lining the shore. A flock of wild pheasants flew overhead and disappeared into the palace of the sun. Slowly the sun dropped into the waves, and a hush enveloped the shadowy hills. Night had come.

Even as I watched the calm of night steal over the sea, the quiet was broken by the rasping song of frog and cricket, combining to form a ghostly hymn to the dead. It seemed that they too were celebrating a festival. So entranced was I by the morbid music that I was startled to find the heavens once again aglow with light, and a full moon climbing the skies. Instantly the sky was brilliant with myriads of stars, and the moon cast a silver path through the darkness.

From far down below me on the moonlit beach a low chant rose on the wind. In a moment there was launched on the waves a boat decked from end to end with colored lanterns which swayed rhythmically with the rise and fall of the sea. Another and another was launched until a whole procession drifted on the tide. The bright red lanterns cast long reflections on the tossing surface. As the line advanced into the bay, it began to spread between the islands until the whole vast

scene resembled an army encamped around glimmering camp fires. The mystic chant still rose and fell on the breeze; the lanterns danced on the water. I watched the boats as they grew to small specks and then disappeared into the darkness.

Not long afterward they peeked like tiny fireflies out in the blackness among the islands and then grew large again as they neared the shore in a stealthy procession, two by two. As the boats returned to anchor, a host of villagers waded out into the water. From the precipice above I watched them launch hundreds of toy boats, each little barge bearing a burning candle to the ancestors of some home. Like fiery sparks they drifted out into the black vastness of the Pacific Ocean. I watched as one by one the candles' wavering glow sank beneath the waves, and it seemed that the hopes and prayers of Japan sank with that light; that the glow of the Land of the Rising Sun was extinguished as surging waves snuffed out the last dying flames.

LYDIA MONROE.

Miracle

There is divinity in snow,
In the whiteness that I see,
When its soft, cool petals blow
From some unseen cloudy tree.
For in the eyes of a little girl
With face pressed against the window-pane,
I saw two eager angels smile
At God's white miracle again.

ELIZABETH GREEN.

Prelude

WHAT HE SAW should have terrified him, but he was not terrified. They were wrapping his new brother in paper because they didn't have the money to buy warm clothing for the strange new child. But horrifying as it was, it did not touch his hardened heart. For he was now transformed into a queer mechanical being, a thing that didn't speak, that didn't think. He was a thing robbed of a future. He knew it; the war had done that.

Slowly he walked to the doorway. Aimlessly he searched the sky. It was as blue as it had been before. The sun was shining as brightly as it had been before; it was only in men's hearts that darkness existed, and in their bitter, twisted souls. His thoughts meshed into a web of ugliness. Evil gods of an upside-down world, they jeered at him, challenged him and cursed him until his distorted mind was set in a mold that was engulfed in premonition and devoid of any sense of propriety. A shudder shook his thin bowed body; a mere indication of the struggle waged in reluctant faculties. He was only human. He could stand just so much. Sickened, he turned away.

Frau Himmel was attending the child, pretending to be busy, pretending not to notice Hans. But it was not possible to ignore him. In his quiet thoughtfulness and passive manner he was a symbol of all German youth. Disillusionment and discontent in youth cannot be ignored. For the young stand for the future, and the future is important.

She spoke gently; yet her voice hinted at immediate obedience.

"Sit down, Hans, and I will prepare you something to eat."

She set before him a few crusts of bread and something hot to drink. He stared in dumb reflection.

"Hans, you have been acting curiously for the past week. Why are you so sad?"

Frau Himmel was not an indiscreet woman; she possessed a certain sagacity that prevailed upon her to draw Hans from his meditative seclusion. She sensed the necessity of forcing him to talk, to say something, anything.

And he opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came. His thoughts were locked away behind an iron door; even he didn't know the combination.

"I know you, Hans. You're given too much to thought. You think too long on things not for your mind."

"There is nothing but to think, Frau Himmel. Without thought, the body is dead." His voice was low, almost a whisper, and his eyes were far away. She sensed his tragic seriousness. "Sometimes it is hard to live with one's thoughts."

"Yes, Hans, it is hard to live with ideas which others have unfortunately forced upon us, ideas which we should leave to others more capable than ourselves. We should not try to reason and settle questions which only the brilliant are able to solve. It is not for us. Come now, Hans, and leave your brooding for another day. Leave your country to its future; it will survive. Be happy, for you have a new brother."

He stared into her anxious, tragic eyes, a contradiction to her smiling mouth. He tried to smile. Then he got up and went to his room, which he shared with his three brothers.

Frau Himmel stood over the baby. Suddenly she heard a shot. And she saw the child wince in his sleep.

Betty Houser.

The Old and The New

TIME: Present—9:00 o'clock P. M.

PLACE: Picture gallery of wealthy home with antique clock, small table, and radio.

COSTUMES: Civil War period with 1940 suggestion.

Enter from rear of house a girl in evening dress and cloak. With her is a boy in formal evening wear.

BOY: You're lovely as a picture tonight.

GIRL: Ah, but not half so lovely as Great-aunt Scarlett.

BOY: Which is she?

GIRL: Don't you know? Then you've never met my honorable ancestors. It's time you were introduced . . . We'll start over here . . . This is Great-uncle Ashley, handsome and romantic . . . This, Aunt Melanie, so sweet and so lovely . . . I never cared much for Uncle Frank —this is he . . . And this! This is Great-aunt Scarlett . . . Every man here loved her, and there were others still. Besides her is Great-Uncle Rhett, dark, arrogant, almost alive . . . Here is Suellen . . . and here, the shy but lovable Uncle Charles . . . And this last is Great-aunt India.

Boy makes mock bows to all and murmurs frequently, "How do you do, old chap," or "Delighted, I'm sure." The girl curtseys with him. Over their bowed heads the pictures politely return the bows or make faces.

GIRL: Tight-laced looking bunch, aren't they? Did they ever know what a really good time was? Of course not; how could they? Aunt Scarlett was perhaps the only one who lived an exciting life, and even that was somewhat tame compared to our life. Hurrah for 1940 with cocktail parties, sky-bird airplanes, automobiles, movie palaces, sky-scrapers, radios, jam sessions! Hurrah for the period of the "jumpin' jive!"

BOY: Let's ask them out tonight to a real party.

GIRL: Oh, no! What are you thinking of? Poor dears, they wouldn't know how to act or what to do with themselves. S'pose we

just leave them where they are for tonight. Now, be good (shaking her hand playfully at the group of pictures from the doorway) while I'm gone, and have a good time.

The boy closes the door, and their happy voices fade.

RHETT: I wish she'd make up her mind whether she wishes us to be good or to have a good time. There's quite a difference, you know.

All pictures laugh. Rhett descends the small step to the floor, and extends his arm to Scarlett. She accepts it gracefully. There is the rustling of satin and taffeta petticoats, as all the couples desert their backgrounds.

SCARLETT: Tight-laced, indeed! And why not? How charming *she* would be if her waist were as small as mine. I'm taking her literal meaning, because, fiddle-dee-dee!—we always have had as much fun at our parties as she has. Did you ever hear of anyone's getting bored at any of *our* parties? Never! Well, shall we start the dancing. I want to waltz.

Couples move as if to form the figure, but continue talking and laughing.

ASHLEY: (louder than the rest) I heard them accusing the servants of drinking the champagne left over from last night's party. Our honorable (mildly sarcastic) descendants never once questioned our innocence.

Rhett laughs and crosses over to a small enclosed table, from which he takes a decanter and small glasses. He fills the glasses and passes them to members of the company.

RHETT: Before the dance, a toast!

ALL: A toast! A toast!

RHETT: To 1861!

The ladies sip daintily, while the men drain their glasses in single gulps.

SCARLETT: The music! (impatiently) Why aren't we dancing?

They dance to the strains of a waltz which has been heard, although very softly, since the door closed on the boy and girl. It swells to crescendo. The couples sway in rhythmic waltz-time; the ladies flirt their fans and laugh over compliments. After the dance the men

cluster around Scarlett. Suellen and India discover the radio in the corner.

SUELLEN: What is this? (bending).

INDIA: And these funny little wheels? I wonder . . .

MELANIE: What are you two doing over there?

INDIA: Come see.

FRANK: It's a radio; the maid left it here yesterday. It gives her so much rhythm when she dusts. Where were you all—asleep?

CHARLES: No, I saw her. This wheel turns the thing on—

There is a sudden blare of swing music, which drowns out the waltz strains. Everyone stands amazed till Charles regulates the flow of music. The song is popular, catchy, and the circle forms while Scarlett and Rhett perform. Everyone follows suit—in a mixture of "Shag," "Big Apple," "Susy Q," the "Conga," "Little Peach," and "Yankee Hop."

SCARLETT: Oh, we've had so much fun! Turn it off a minute . . . Why, it's almost twelve; where *has* the time flown?"

RHETT: It's gone—gone with the wind.

There is the swift rush of wind—not a sad or moaning wind—a winged wind, the wind of time. The whole company is quiet, listening. After the rushing of the wind are heard the distant voices of the returning boy and girl.

SCARLETT: Good heavens! (Whole company listens tensely.) We shall be caught; they are returning. We must get back to our frames.

There is a mad scramble for the frames—much rustling of taffeta petticoats. Mostly they land two in a frame in odd postures. India runs up and down looking for a place, but is pushed back. She finally succeeds in gaining a place with Charles, though he frantically tries to keep her out.

Boy and girl enter, both laughing. A look of surprise, and then deep astonishment comes over their faces. (GIRL: Why—why, jus' look.)

They stare.

BOY: (swaying) Darlin', di'n't I tell you we shun't have taken that hip! that las' cocktail?

ELIZABETH ISAACS.

Symphony A La Dottíe

THE SMALL GIRL was obviously the leader and brains of the two girls. She had told the other girl to save her a seat, for she just had to go to the station at 7:45 to see Tom off—and George was leaving too. She evidently had seen the boys off, for she came in with a radiant smile on her face and a sparkling fraternity pin on her blouse. She minced down the aisle and dropped into her seat in the third row, exclaiming in floating whispers how thrilling it had all been.

The first part of the concert was just beginning, when Dottie, the pin girl, arrived at the dance the night before with Tom. The fourth no-break was almost over when the woman on Dottie's right asked her if she would mind not talking quite so much. Dottie smiled through her teeth and said she was sorry. She sat and sighed meekly for a few moments, popping her gum, until this part of the program was over.

During a few moments' pause Dottie's delicately shadowed eyes looked dreamily around to see if there were any boys present. She noticed two enticing brown eyes peering at her from behind a good-sized cello. Smiling slightly at the brown eyes, she lowered her gaze, feigning a sneeze, and by the time she had borrowed a hanky, the music had begun again. As the suite ended, Dotty and her companion completed a trip to the college dances last week-end. Now the cellist was smiling at Dottie, and she absent-mindedly smiled back. And then she blushed, just as a lady should do. After the intermission a card bearing the name "Senor Pabols de Alguacil" was delivered to Dottie. At this even the chewing gum was stilled. Dottie, overwhelmed, actually sat quietly and listened to the music, and it was thus that Pablos observed her closely. He was enthralled, as she knew he would be, and offered to take her home. Remarking that she was no lady to be so persuaded, she allowed herself to be placed in the car. Once in, however, she could afford to drop her shyness and play up to the exciting Senor.

Next morning Margie, who hadn't done badly herself with the first violinist, was told of the sweetness of Pablos, who had insisted on giving Dottie his lovely jade ring. While everyone examined it, she made a typical Dottie remark with a typical Dottie gleam in her sly eyes—"Not a bad night's work, I'd say!"

ALICE PAYNE.

Lost Chord

Your heart once sang a wild, free song,
And mine gave back the lilt,
And that was when we both were young,
Our castles first were built.
But I long since have lost the key,
And hence the chord to sound
The note responsive in your heart;
A new, I have not found.

I could not know—how could I know
You would so quickly tire,
And I have only memory
Of your youth's hot desire?
How deep the forest where we dreamed!
The sun in splotches played,
Bright and speckled on the green,
A cool peace filled the glade.

I gave you love—full measure—youth!
Ah, would I had the chain
Linked strong and sweet enough to bind
You to my self again.
How oft have we at midnight danced
With sprites in a fairy ring,
While Pan, strange god, piped lisping strains
Of a light and aery thing.

Came one soft night a mocking cloud;
It dimmed the moon's bright face,
An instant held—and then was lost
Pan's pipe in that dark place!
Without his song you would not love;
No chord could pleasing be;
So Pan and I seek now the pipe
To chant you back to me.

ELIZABETH ISAACS.

Spring Passed This Way

Spring passed this way.
Her step was light;
Her laugh was gay.

She breathed a sigh,
And flowers stirred.
And green things heard
Her passing by.

Spring stopped here
To bless a nest
A small brown bird
With swelling breast
Had made and hovered near.

She skirled along,
And motion spread
To butterfly,
To flower-head,
To weaving branch,
To hearts that, dead,
Awake with happy song.

It was Spring
Who opened these hearts
And made them sing.
She pushed aside a bramble bush
To woo a sweet, dark flower;
She gave a youth a playful push
And ran
To find a fragrant bower.

Spring has looked in before—once or twice.
She was not sure 'twas time,
And Winter scolded her.
But restless with sweet, wild life,
She could not—no!—stay longer;
With nimble fingers, undid Season's chain,
And shining, bright,
Spring passed this way again.

ELIZABETH ISAACS.

Vera Brittain

VERA BRITTAIN, the author of *Testament of Youth,* gives us a true picture of Young England of 1914; Vera Brittain, the lecturer in America, leads us to an understanding of Young England today. In both writing and speaking she seems to show a feeling of responsibility for presenting truths upon which youth may build toward a reasonable peace in a world of war.

In *Testament of Youth,* an autobiographical account of her own youth, Miss Brittain speaks with simplicity and force in showing the reactions, the enthusiasms and emotions of her generation during the World War. Her reactions, her character, and her spirit are the stuff this story is made of; yet through her personality the picture of the whole is clarified, and the reader finds himself unhampered by personal demands.

In this book we see her, an earnest young student at Oxford, stopping her studies for nursing during the war; a girl clear-headed, reserved, sincere, responsive, loved and loving, maturing as a patriotic England marches on through the dark days of war; a young woman poignantly bereft by the death of her fiance, her brother, and many young men like them, whose lives were the strength and power of her generation; a nurse giving much of herself in her service, and emerging from the war stunned and weary. All of her pre-war world and existence was swept away while only her keen intellect and strained but indomitable courage remained. Finally her story relates her struggle in making a place for herself in a changed world, in changing herself to find a place in the new England.

Finishing Oxford, she lectured, tutored, wrote, married, and kept on lecturing and writing. *Verses of a V.A.D., Testament of Youth, Thrice a Stranger* and *A Testament of Friendship* are among her best known books.

On April first, 1940, she came to Queens College. "Thrice a stranger" in America, she was filling the last engagement in her fourth American lecture tour.

On the stage she seems more youthful than a rapid calculation in dates would substantiate; her voice is clear and controlled, her faultlessly groomed hair does not show its touches of gray, and only her reserve and quiet dignity make her seem older than the woman of *Testament of Youth*. Her air of calm capability makes it easy to recall her work as a war nurse.

She speaks as she writes, with clarity and simplicity. At no time does she thrust herself upon her audience. Without claim to superiority in interpretation or in inside information, she tells so well the story of things as she sees them. The audience hears and understands, almost without the effort of listening. She gives back the story of the world of today as it falls upon the mirror of her mind, and that story takes on meaning because she has reflected it truly and with the insight of her own understanding.

HENRIETTA MCIVER.

November

Wind
Cries at my corners
And knocks upon my windows
Like a lonely stranger.

Leaves
Scrape across my roof
And crowd into my gutters
Like frightened sparrows.

November
Tramps through my garden
And tears away my flowers
Like an angry child.

BOBBIE MATTHEWS.

The Nazarene

Sholem Asch

No reader of *The Nazarene* need be told that Sholem Asch prepared thirty years for the writing of this book—the necessity for a long period of preparation is in every line. This is the product of years of assimilated knowledge, of actual toil culminating in the expression of one man's innermost thought, which is at the same time every man's innermost thought. This very aspect makes it also the most courageous book of our time.

The framework of the novel is as ingenious as it is forceful; we see Christ, the principal character, as he was seen in his own time by a Roman, a disciple, and a young Jew. In Part One, the Roman describes Jerusalem as seen by a contemptuous ruler, the scrambling, dirty multitude of Jews, the spacious halls of Roman nobility, the beauty of women and lastly, the Christ, a strangely powerful leader of the people. We are led past squabbling vendors on the crooked streets of Jerusalem to the great temple of the Jews, to the homes of rulers. We smell strange incense, the perfumes beloved by Mary Magdalene, and hear the cooing of doves, the shouts of the multitude, and exotic Oriental music.

Part Two is the most daring and revealing contribution of the novel, the Gospel as told by Judas Iscariot. Judas, alternately the doubter and zealot, describes the condition of the Jews which Christ saw and over which he wept, the horror of sin and despair. Beneath all is a searching current of truth, bringing to light conceptions of the Gospel that are unique in literature.

In Part Three, told by a young Jewish theological student, the climax of the Passion Week is reached. Judas, seen by his contemporary, is cloaked in unusual aspects. He is a Judas never before dreamed of, whose every movement and word are intensely revealing and leave no onlooker unmoved.

Considered as a whole, *The Nazarene* is breath-taking in the heights it reaches. Yet, beyond the obvious philosophical and religious depth, there is a genuine living quality of the book that carries the reader with it and makes him a part of its gigantic scope. It is not a book of little minds; nor is it a theological treatise. It is rather an epic of the most vibrant and living personality in the history of the world.

Julia Edwards.

And So It Was Buried

It was a quiet spring evening; the streets were almost vacant, for all the children were in bed, while their elders rocked placidly on their respective porches. The rattle and chug of a truck rambling along did little to interrupt the peaceful scene until a loud screech of brakes followed by ejaculations from the driver was heard; then came that fearful silence that falls when two somethings try the impossible feat of occupying the same space at the same time.

For it happened at this particular moment that the honorable Patrick O'Malley was padding along the sidewalks, too absorbed in his thoughts to notice he was crossing the street in the path of the noisy truck. It was the racket of the brakes that brought Patrick to earth again.

"Faith 'n begorra!" would have been his first words if he could have spoken at that instant, but he only jumped to safety and stood panting from fear and anger. The truck driver muttered something, started his motor, and roared away. Pat stood still, then turned and walked out from under the glow of the street light, which shone brightly on his red hair.

He walked heavily and carefully, for he was carrying his most precious possession. By this time he was pretty disgusted with himself, for on the very night safety and care were necessary, he had almost gotten run over.

He had been planning this night's venture for a long time; he was going to hide his treasure far from the eyes of the prying world. He was not a miser at heart, but just naturally frugal. Some day he would go get it and celebrate, but for the time being he had decided to bury it.

He ambled on through the darkness of the street.

"Here's where Toby lives," thought Pat.

"He would have liked to come along, but I can't let even my friends in on this secret; it might leak out some way."

Just then a low whistle sounded, and two large forms loomed up in front of him, coming forward menacingly. All the courage of Pat's ancestors rose in him, all the bravery of the fighting Irish. But he knew this was not the moment for combat, for he had his treasure with him. Dodging behind a fence and through some brush, he saw the two forms go past him in the darkness. He crept out and once more resumed his course. It was only a little farther now. He had already picked out the spot—down a path to the right, up a little hill overshaded with trees, under the roots of the largest oak—and it would be safe there, he was sure.

At last he was there. He laid down his burden and prepared to dig. Too bad those flowers would be spoiled. Oh well, he would cover up the hole with one of the rocks that covered the ground. Pat dug, deeper and deeper; soon his prize was in the hole.

So it was that Patrick O'Malley, the Irish setter, buried his favorite bone.

CATHERINE GREENE.

Autumn

Autumn came
And pretended she was Spring.
She painted leaves
And turned the coarse wild grass
From green to gold.
She offered sultry suns
And cloud-crisped nights—
Until she wearied of the game.
Then, when the last leaves
Flickered down, she disappeared,
And, hesitant, sad old Winter came.

JULIA EDWARDS.

Looking Around

Few of the magazines we have received contain as much variety in material and style as the March issue of *The Miscellany* from Mary Baldwin College. The ending of "Lotty, the Flapper," by Ethlyn Jones, reminds us of O. Henry. Most gripping is the pathos of "The Baby and the Angels," and for both description and idea we are especially impressed by Marion Elsdon's "Enlightenment."

By far the most imaginative article in Erskine's *The Golden Quill,* February issue, is "Dreams These Co-eds Dream" by Jean Love. Its timeliness and straightforward style hold the reader's attention. But we wonder if "Fall Number Three" is a work of the imagination or a report of facts. Upon becoming acquainted with certain Erskine students, we are inclined to believe that it is a true story—at least it could be.

Incidentally, we're exchanging not only magazines, but students these days. Erskine readers will be interested in the three poems by Bobbie Matthews (Bobbie Holland) in this issue.

The March issue of *The Criterion* from Columbia College is very interesting from the unique and amusing cover to the more serious and somewhat tragic "A Woman's Heart." An unusual feature is "Shakespeare, The Musician," in which Maria Coclin discusses the musical qualities used by Shakespeare, as she gives sufficient facts and quotations to justify her title.

Nancy Jane Dandridge.

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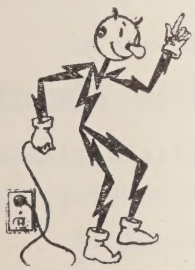

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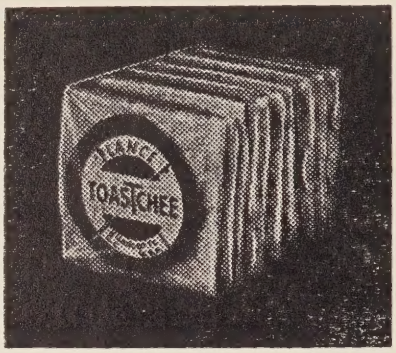

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